

THE DAILY
SHORT STORY

Caught.

By CORONA REMINGTON.
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He was prancing through the woods in his usual careless manner when suddenly he came upon her crouched almost at his feet.

"You startled me," his voice sounded somewhat peeved.

"Nothing to the way you startled me," she flashed back. "Do you know that it's dangerous for you to be out here this near dark?" he went on unmoved, by her nettled tones.

"Why?" she asked, her eyes growing big.

"Because makes abound in this place at this time of year and you might get bitten. How can you see where you're putting your foot in all this underbrush and it nearly night?"

"I didn't know that," she answered, her face paling slightly.

"Well, now I've told you, you must go home at once. Come, I'll see you there."

That's very nice of you, but I'm perfectly satisfied where I am," she returned coolly, making no attempt to rise.

"I'll stay until you change your mind," he said quietly.

"Oh, please go," she begged.

He paid no attention to her remark, but went on good-naturedly: "Guess I'd better introduce myself. We seem to be in for quite a siege of it."

"Don't please," she said pettishly. "I don't even want to know who you are."

"All right," he smiled as he lit a cigar and dropped carelessly at her feet. "Well, say that I'm Mr. Man and you're Miss Sprite."

The girl was in anything but a jesting mood.

"The fact is," she said after a while as the darkness settled around them. "I'll just have to go. My friends at the camp'll be looking for me and they'll be scared to death if I'm not in pretty soon."

"There! You're coming to your senses," he remarked with satisfaction.

The girl only answered by suddenly bursting into tears while the man looked on in amazement.

"Why, what's the matter?" he asked, but she only continued to weep.

"Look here," he said at last. "For pity's sake, do stop or I'll just about go dippy. When I see a girl cry I either want to spank her or take her in my arms and soothe her, and since you're a perfect stranger to me I'm afraid to do either. You might misunderstand."

The sprit could not help laughing at this in spite of her predicament.

"Now, won't you tell me what the trouble is?" he asked gently.

"I guess I'll have to," she confessed. "To begin with, there's a crowd of us camping in a little tent on the Watkins place, and since we came to the country we've all gone perfectly wild."

"It was dreadfully hot this afternoon about 2 o'clock and we were all lying around in the shade trying to keep cool when some one said: 'I wish I had a nice basket of watermelon and we began to talk about how good it would be, and before I knew it they had dared me to go and slip one out of somebody's field. I don't know yet what made me agree to do it, and if I had been in town I'd have died before I would have stolen a pin, but—well, the long and short of it is that I'm sitting on one of our watermelons."

The man laughed until the forest echoed.

"So you got it out of the patch on the other side of the thicket?" he said.

"Yes, and I'll do anything on earth if you won't send me to jail. It would kill my father and mother and we'd all be disgraced," she pleaded.

The man seemed to debate with himself while the sprit eagerly watched him.

"Where do you live?" he asked at last.

"Kensington, 348 Watauga avenue."

"I live in Kensington, too," he went on. "You'll have to let me come and call, say, twice a week for two months. That's the only way I can make it. In the meanwhile, I'll take the melon to camp and I'll leave you before we get in sight, then you need never tell of our misadventure."

"You're really too lenient," the sprit smiled happily, "and I agree to the conditions absolutely and promise never, never to do it again."

When they parted at the edge of the clearing where the tent was pitched he handed her the melon and turned to go.

"By the way," he said over his shoulder, "when are you going back to town?"

"Tomorrow," she answered ruefully.

"All right. Tomorrow'll be Saturday. See you Sunday." He raised his hat and in a second the bushes had closed behind him.

The two months sped swiftly by and with little coaxing the man managed to prolong his inflicting fine through the winter and into the spring. With the summer the girl went back to camp and he to the old farm house nearby. Naturally they spent the most of their time together, and one day when they were rambling through the woods picking berries, the man stopped suddenly.

"Do you remember?" he said.

"Remember what?" she asked.

"It was a year ago today at this very spot."

The girl blushed, but asked bravely:

"What was?"

"That I met you after you'd stolen the melon."

"Don't say stolen," she broken in.

"Say slipped."

At the end of the sentence her voice shook and for some unaccountable reason she burst into tears again. This time the man did not hesitate to administer the proper consolation, nor did the girl protest. After a pause he spoke:

"Dearest, I have a dreadful confession to make and I know you'll never forgive me for doing it, but I felt it was my only chance of ever seeing you again."

"Tell me, quickly, what have you done?" she demanded.

"Why—why—that wasn't my watermelon you—you—that strayed away from the patch last year. In fact, I haven't the least idea who owns that piece of land and that's more, I don't care a rap!"

The city council of Reykjavik, Iceland, has begun the operation of a special bakery in conjunction with the municipal gas works, whereby much of the heat which is normally escaped up the chimney is utilized in the baking of the loaves.

Pale-Tinted Organdie
For Dainty Costume

By CORA MOORE

New York's Fashion Authority.

NEW YORK, July 10.—Here is a

simple costume belonging to Elaine

Hammerstein's summer outfit, that

is exceedingly attractive and could

be copied in any colored organdie.

This particular one is a pale orchid

tint. The hat is one of those flare-

brimmed shapes that are soft yet

have a distinct and distinguished

line to them. The underbrim is of

organdie a trifle deeper in tone

than the soft crown. An organdie

band and smart bow complete the

hat. The frock has a blouse with a

deep roll-over collar, short sleeves

and a sash that is cut wider in front

to form a giraffe effect, then ties

in a butterfly bow at the back.

ADVENTURES OF THE TWINS

By OLIVE ROBERTS BARTON

Poor Mr. Tingaling.

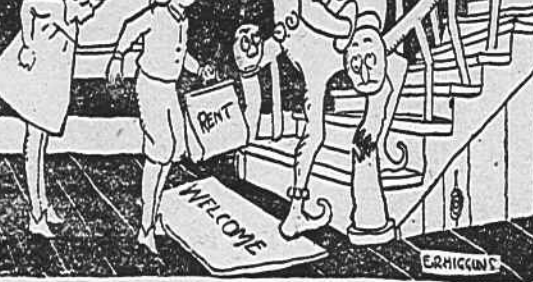
Nancy and Nick started to follow Tingaling upstairs, when he went to look for Chirk Chikmunk. To see what on earth he meant by slamming so many bureau drawers.

But the Little Green Shoes stopped them right at the bottom and wouldn't take another step. So up the fairy landlord went, alone. He was worried, because it was rent day, you know, and he was afraid Chirk couldn't find enough money to pay him.

Every step he took, the stairs creaked and groaned miserably, but Tingaling pretended not to notice this, any more than he had the sagging doors and the bad wall-paper.

Up he went, up and up and up in the direction of the drawer-slammings, but every new step tilted him so, that finally he had to grab the banister to keep himself from falling.

He was almost to the top, about next to the last step, I think, when there was a crash, and a smash and a loud splintering sound. Tingaling suddenly disappeared altogether. It was plain what had happened: the step was too old and wobbly to hold him, and



So up the fairy landlord went, alone.

had gone clear through to the cellar, taking the fairyman landlord with it.

"Oh, oh, oh!" screamed the twins, rushing around, and not knowing what to do. "Won't somebody help?"

"Wait a minute," advised the Magical Mushroom, and sure enough, the slamming above stopped and Chirk stuck his head over the rail.

"What's wrong?" he asked. "Dio something drop?"

"Yes, yes," cried Nick. "Mr. Tingaling has fallen through the stairs. Do help us to get him."

"All right," answered Chirk cheerfully sliding down the banisters. "He's probably in the cellar. I haven't been able to use these stairs for a year come Christmas."

So lighting a lantern the chipmunk and the children went down cellar to find poor Tingaling.

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TO PLAY PIANO 100 HOURS.

LONDON—Albert Kemp here is in training to compete for a \$50,000 prize said to be offered by an American music company, to any one who can play a piano 100 hours without stopping. He has played 66 hours before and is memorizing 150 pieces of music now for his greatest test. He wears wrist bandages soaked in iodine, has his face bathed in cologne to keep him awake and the piano keys with alcohol to prevent his finger tips from cracking.

ACE PRACTICES FOR RECORD.

PARIS—Testing his endurance preparatory to an airplane attempt to exceed the altitude record of Major R. A. Schroeder, U. S. A., who flew to a height of six miles, Lieutenant Casale, French ace, had himself sealed in a steel tube the other day and the air exhausted slowly until the pressure inside equaled what it would have been at seven miles above the earth. This pressure was reached in 50 minutes and his descent required the same length of time. He suffered no ill effects.

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CONFESSIONS
OF A BRIDE

(Copyright, 1932.)

But we didn't settle down to anything that day. I don't know when we would have recovered from the nervous strain due to the affair if the case had not come to a sudden and unexpected solution.

The middle of a beautiful woman started the town that night. Minetta Briggs, who had been lives' head sewingwoman, threw herself beneath a moving subway train.

A note which she had written the last thing before leaving her home contained her confession and solved the murder mystery.

Minetta Briggs had heard of the sale of lives' business on the morning of the murder. She and lives' had been friends for three years. Many a time he had asked her to leave her husband, but she had refused. When lives' told her that he was going to leave the town, she knew that she would never see him again, unless she accompanied him. She thought that, he would "jump at the chance" to take her with him, but he "turned her down flat." And that very day her husband discarded her. She decided to make lives' pay.

She had loved the man passionately. In spite of the flattery which she knew he lavished on all women, in spite of his reputation he had convinced her that she was the only woman in the world he really cared for. "And he turned me down in the end," she wrote. She didn't blame her husband for casting her off, but she calmly decided to make the liar who had wrecked her life realize that he had taken a long chance on the patience of one woman. She warned him, by letter, that she would be revenged. Then she hunted up the automatic her husband had acquired, somehow while in the army.

She followed lives' from the hotel where he was accustomed to lunch, sought him out in the crowd at the beach, had a few hot words with him, and then concealed herself in a room in the upper tier of the woman's pavilion. What followed, the papers had already printed.

"She was hidden just where Morrison swore the shot had been fired from. Now, isn't that man perfectly wonderful?" I asked triumphantly of the group at mother's dinner table that night.

"You two girls seem mighty interested in this case," remarked daddy. "Never knew Jane to be so morbid about anything before."

"It's all Ann's fault," I said dryly.

And that was as close as I ever came to naming him or mother suspect how nearly Ann had disgraced the name of Lorimer.

"I wish every foolish girl in the land had been forced to read every bit of information the papers printed about lives' career," said Mother Lorimer, in what her sons call her "school-teacher tone." I settled myself comfortably to listen. I wanted Ann to hear it and so I was delighted to have mother continue:

"It isn't as a warning to silly girls against the lives variety that I'd like them to know about him. It's to warn empty-headed girls against themselves. It's to make them see how cheap, how degraded lives' women friends really look—in a long procession—in spite of their beauty and their clothes!"

In her excitement, Mother Lorimer quite forgot that Ann had been seen with lives' more than once. But I didn't care. Let Ann win. She had caused me so much anguish that I felt she ought to win a little.

"That a man of his stamp could attract women of all classes—and so many of them—some with excellent home training—is a sad revelation. I forgot about lives' of modern morals could be com-

men valued themselves and their sex! No better account of the laxity of modern morals could be compiled than the story of 'sex' as written in Claude lives' history.

Hers mother stopped and picked up a paper. To keep her talking I asked:

"Do you think we've actually reached a period of moral decadence?"

"I don't believe we're living up to the ideals we had twenty years ago. I don't see that we're carrying out any of the fine ideals for which our soldiers died—over there," she said softly. "Self-indulgence is the order of the day. The rule of greed has followed the rule of war."

Goodness knows, I was glad mother hadn't been told that Bob had gone away to save his father from the charge of profiteering!

"Reference for womanhood is being undermined," mother went on. "It is high time that women everywhere recognized the fact. It menaces our morality and our whole social structure."

"But why lay it to the war?" demanded Chrys.

"Maybe it's the result of many causes, I admit. Partly the result, perhaps, of too early and too liberal initiation into the mysteries of life; maybe of too great frankness in the discussion of sex subjects formerly taboo; maybe fashionable dress, dancing, the auto, the telephone, the movies, the stage are all to blame. The point I am trying to make is that the evil is recognized everywhere, and its cure, it seems to me, is in the woman's hands, and is her chief responsibility today."

Chrys interrupted with:

"I know your theory, mother dear: a man will respect whatever standard a woman sets up for herself. It sounds awfully old-fashioned to some girls. I've heard them boast of making conquests of men like lives. They like to play a dangerous game—and win. I've seen them trip gaily and defiantly toward the brink of disgrace. And yet the very men they wanted to attract scoffed at their unconventional! You're right, mother. A man treats a woman as she demands. If she cheapens herself, he snatches at the bargain."

"Well, as I see it, piped up Ann, a man won't look at a girl unless her complexion is brightened by a good deal of make-up. I've heard them boast of making conquests of men like lives. They like to play a dangerous game—and win. I've seen them trip gaily and defiantly toward the brink of disgrace. And yet the very men they wanted to attract scoffed at their unconventional! You're right, mother. A man treats a woman as she demands. If she cheapens herself, he snatches at the bargain."

"She wouldn't care, if she had other meals and other resources! That's the point!" said mother. "Some girls live today as if men and love and laziness and luxury were all of life."

"Even good women and clever women insist that woman has her own rights in love and that man has never recognized them. Now I—"

"She never going to get her own rights in love by copying man's ways in love," persisted mother. "The chief of all her rights is the right to man's respect."

"I guess the worst man is the first man to value a girl according to her respect for herself," said Ann.

It was a curious flash of wisdom to come from her pretty lips.

Said myself to myself:

"Maybe Ann has learned her lesson."

(To Be Continued.)

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A factory is operating in Formosa to make caffeine out of tea dust.

—CASCO—

Kills Colds and "Flu" Germs

On Your Money Back

30 Tablets 25 Cents

AT ALL GOOD DRUG STORES

SISTER MARY'S
KITCHEN

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A common wire hair-pin can be sterilized and used as a cherry pitter if one does not possess the real article. Drop the hair-pin in boiling water and boil for 10 minutes. This will make the hair-pin a perfectly all right kitchen utensil.

The looped end lifts out the cherry stone quickly and easily. The cherry is not bruised as much as in using the fingers and the fingers do not get stained quite so badly.

Menu for Tomorrow.

Breakfast—Grapefruit, fried mush, syrup, coffee.

Luncheon—New onions on toast, baking powder biscuits, jelly, maple drop cookies, tea.

Dinner—Fillet of sole, tartar sauce, shoe string potatoes, string beans, chilled watermelon, coffee.

My Own Recipes.

Any melon needs to be thoroughly chilled but especially watermelon. Even if the melon is not as sweet as it might be, if it is ice cold everybody must acknowledge that it makes a refreshing dessert on a hot day at least. As in buying cantaloupe, I leave the choice to my huckster.

NEW ONIONS ON TOAST.

Young onions.

2 tablespoons grated cheese.

1-2 cup cream.

Butter.

Salt.

Paprika.

Allow five or six onions for each

portion. Use all of the white part.

Peel and boil in salted water till

tender. Butter toast, sprinkle with

a little grated cheese, add onions,

a little paprika and another grat-

ing of cheese. Set in the oven

just long enough to melt the

cheese. Before serving pour over

cream which has been heated.

MAPLE DROP COOKIES.

1 cup maple syrup.

1-2 cup butter.

3 cups flour.

1 teaspoon soda.

1 teaspoon lemon juice.

1-2 teaspoon salt.

2 tablespoons water.

Softened butter and add to maple

syrup. Mix and sift dry ingredi-

ents. Add to first mixture. Add

lemon juice. Add water. Mix

thoroughly. Drop from a teaspoon

onto a well greased dripping pan.

Bake six minutes in a hot oven.

There's one thing a woman can

keep to herself—when she burns

the potatoes and they don't taste

scorched.

MARY.

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